More Torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my fay it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.

Iuli. Come hither *Nurſe*, what is yond Gentleman?

Nurſ. The ſonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*

Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of the doore?

Nurſ. Marrie that I thinke be yong *Petruchio.*

Iuli. Whats he that followes here that would not dance?

Nurſ. I know not.

Iuli. Goe aske his name, if he be marryed,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurſ. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely ſonne of your great Enemie.

Iuli. My onely Loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I muſt loue a lothed Enemie.

Nurſ. Whats tis? what tis?

Iu. A Rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danſt withall.

One cals within Iuliet.

Nurſ. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the ſtrangers are all gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old deſire doth in his death-bed lye,
And yong affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gron'de for and would dye,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppoſde he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale loues ſweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breath ſuch vowes as Louers vſe to ſweare,
And ſhe as much in loue, her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new beloued any where:

But

But paſſion lends them Power, time meanes to me
Tempring extremities with extreame ſweete.

Enter Romeo *alone*

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio, *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo.*

Mer. He is wiſe, & on my life hath ſtolne him h

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wa
Call good *Mercutio*:

Mer. Nay Ile coniure too.

Romeo. humours, madam, paſſion, louer,
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh,
Speake but one rime and I am ſatisfied:
Cry but ay me, pronounce but loue and die,
Speake to my Goſſip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her pur-blind ſonne and heire
Yong *Abraham Cupid*: he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the Begger-maide.
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moueth not,
The ape is dead, and I muſt coniure him;
I coniure thee by *Roſalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foote, ſtraight leg, and quiuering thigh
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger hi
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſſe circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhee had laide it, and coniured it downe,
That were ſome ſpight.
My inuocation is faire and honeſt, and in his miſtre
I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelfe among theſe t
To be conſorted with the humerous night:
Blind is his loue, and beſt befits the darke.